

"IT'S NOT OVER TILL THE BABYSITTER SINGS"



SING THIS SONG TO
THE TUNE OF "B-I-N-G-O."
IT'S A CLASSIC.

IT'S SUMMERTIME, THERE'S NO MORE SCHOOL.
I'M HAPPY, SNAPPY, DIZZY!
B-R-A-T-S, B-R-A-T-S, B-R-A-T-S,
THESE TWERPS WILL KEEP ME BUSY!







MINE WAS JASON, I PUT GLUE ON
EVERY CHAIR ON WHICH HE SAT.

I HAD CINDY, SHE WAS PRETTY,
MADE HER WEAR A MUSTARD HAT.



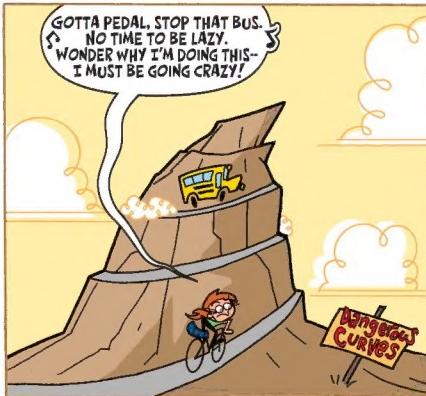
TIMMY'S MY TWERP, VOICE LIKE A BURP,
HEAD IS WATERMELON SIZE.
HAD A FUN SCHEME, MADE THE KID SCREAM--
I PUT SPIDERS ON HIS EYES.

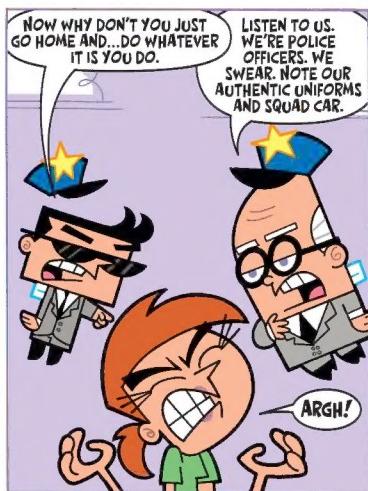


BABYSITTING--ARE YOU KIDDING?
IT'S MERE PRACTICE FOR THE DATE
I'LL AT LAST RULE EVERY LAST FOOL,
AND THE WORLD. I'LL DOMINATE!



OH, MY SUMMER--WHAT A BUMMER,
ALL MY PLANS GONE DOWN THE DRAIN.
I'M ALONE NOW, WHO WILL MOAN NOW?
THIS IS MY SEASON OF PAIN.







THIS SONG IS SUNG TO THE
TUNE OF "FRERE JACQUES."
BONJOUR.

